

Buster Brown

COMIC BOOK

NO.
27



TUNE IN SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND THE
BUSTER BROWN GANG ON RADIO OR TV

B & B SHOE STORE

301 COLLEGE ST.
SPRINGFIELD, MO.





WEB COMIC
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Hi, Buddies and Sweethearts!

Be sure to get this swell new neckerchief. Wear it and let everybody know you belong to the Buster Brown Gang.

EACH NECKERCHIEF IN 3 BEAUTIFUL COLORS!



EACH NECKERCHIEF ALMOST TWO FEET SQUARE!



Here's the good-looking gold-colored metal clip that comes with every neckerchief and holds it in place when you wear it.

Why, in the stores this combination would cost 80¢ or more! But as a Buster Brown Gang member you can get *both* for only . . .

25¢

**THIS
IS A WOW!
WANTA KNOW HOW
TO GET IT?
SEE INSIDE BACK
COVER**

The EAGLE'S PREY

PEOPLE OF THE DAKOTA, AGAIN THE COLD COMES AND IT IS TIME TO MOVE OUR CAMP TO A WINTERING PLACE. OUR SCOUTS HAVE RETURNED TO TELL ME THAT THE GAME HAS MOVED CLOSE TO THE FOOTHILLS OF THE MOUNTAINS, FOR PROTECTION FROM THE WINTER STORMS. WE MUST FOLLOW THE GAME THAT IS OUR FOOD. THEREFORE, WE TOO, WILL MOVE TO THE FOOTHILLS.

IT IS LATE FALL IN THE LANDS OF THE DAKOTA SIOUX, AND IN THEIR GREAT COUNCIL LODGE, CHIEF RUNNING WOLF SPEAKS...

I WOULD SPEAK, RUNNING WOLF



BRAVES OF THE DAKOTA, I AM FLYING EAGLE, MIGHTY HUNTER OF THE GREAT BIRD WHICH SOARS HIGH IN THE AIR. NOW I WILL CLIMB HIGH TO THE MOUNTAIN CRAGS TO KILL MANY OF THE GOLDEN EAGLES. I WILL BRING BACK TO OUR VILLAGE MANY EAGLE FEATHERS TO WEAR IN OUR WAR BONNETS. I HAVE SPOKEN.



THE NEXT DAY THE TEEPEES WERE TAKEN DOWN AND PACKED AND THE DAKOTA CAMP MOVED TO ITS NEW SITE IN THE RUGGED FOOTHILLS...



... AND OF COURSE, IN THE NEW COUNTRY LITTLE FOX KNEW JUST WHAT HE WANTED TO DO.

NOW, SOME BLUNT-POINTED ARROWS FOR RABBITS OR SQUIRRELS, BUT ALSO MANY OF THE FLINT-HEADED ARROWS, FOR I MAY MEET A FAT DEER.



LITTLE FOX PREPARES TO HUNT?

YES, FATHER, I AM GOING TO TAKE MY HORSE, WAR PAINT, AND RIDE THROUGH THE FOOTHILLS.



AND SO LITTLE FOX WENT TO GUARD THE BERRY-PICKERS, AND IT KEPT HIM BUSY BECAUSE SOME MOVED FASTER THAN OTHERS, AND IT WAS NECESSARY THAT LITTLE FOX PATROL THE LONG LINE OF BERRY-PICKERS.

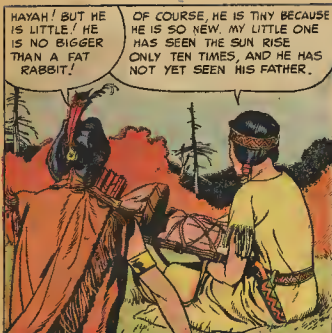
NO, MY SON, I HAVE OTHER WORK FOR YOU. THE WOMEN OF THE CAMP GO TO PICK BERRIES WHERE THEY GROW HEAVILY ALONG THE RIVER, THE GREAT GRIZZLY BEAR HAS NOT YET HIBERNATED FOR THE WINTER. MANY MOUNTAIN LIONS CLIMB THE HILLS. I SEND YOU WITH THE BERRY-PICKERS SO THAT YOUR BOW AND ARROWS WILL KEEP THEM FROM HARM.



NO! WANEMA, TODAY THE SPIRIT OF THE PORCUPINE IS WITH YOU, FOR YOU MOVE AS SLOWLY AS HE DOES!

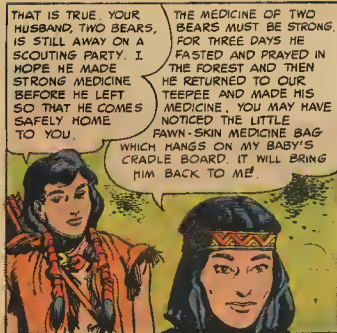
IT IS DIFFICULT TO PICK BERRIES RAPIDLY WHILE CARRYING MY LITTLE ONE IN HIS CRADLE BOARD, BUT I THINK I WILL TAKE IT FROM MY SHOULDERS AND LET HIM LIE IN THE SUN.





HAYAH! BUT HE IS LITTLE! HE IS NO BIGGER THAN A FAT RABBIT!

OF COURSE, HE IS TINY BECAUSE HE IS SO NEW. MY LITTLE ONE HAS SEEN THE SUN RISE ONLY TEN TIMES, AND HE HAS NOT YET SEEN HIS FATHER.



THAT IS TRUE. YOUR HUSBAND, TWO BEARS, IS STILL AWAY ON A SCOUTING PARTY. I HOPE HE MADE STRONG MEDICINE BEFORE HE LEFT SO THAT HE COMES SAFELY HOME TO YOU.

THE MEDICINE OF TWO BEARS MUST BE STRONG. FOR THREE DAYS HE FASTED AND PRAYED IN THE FOREST AND THEN HE RETURNED TO OUR TEEPEE AND MADE HIS MEDICINE. YOU MAY HAVE NOTICED THE LITTLE FAWN-SKIN MEDICINE BAG WHICH HANGS ON MY BABY'S CRADLE BOARD. IT WILL BRING HIM BACK TO ME!

THIS WAS THE WAY AMONG MANY AMERICAN INDIANS. MOST OF THE TRIBES WORSHIPPED A SUPREME BEING WITH THE GREATEST OF REVERENCE, ALTHOUGH EACH TRIBE CALLED IT A DIFFERENT NAME. IT WAS THE CUSTOM AMONG MANY OF THE TRIBES THAT EACH WARRIOR WOULD SPEND CERTAIN PERIODS FASTING AND PRAYING, DURING THESE FASTING PERIODS THEY BELIEVED THAT THE SPIRITS GAVE THEM ADVICE AND TOLD THEM WHAT TO DO. THEN THEY WOULD MAKE THEIR MEDICINE... USUALLY WHAT THEY BELIEVED TO BE A MAGIC POTION WHICH THEY THOUGHT WOULD HELP THEM IN ACCOMPLISHING THEIR OBJECTIVE. THESE LITTLE MEDICINE BAGS WERE VERY PRECIOUS TO THE INDIANS, FOR IN THEIR BELIEF THE LOSS OF A MAN'S MEDICINE MIGHT BRING ABOUT HIS DEATH.

AS WANEMA RESUMED NER BERRY-PICKING, LITTLE FOX RETURNED TO HIS PATROL. FAR OVERHEAD A GREAT GOLDEN EAGLE FLOATS SOUNDLESSLY, SEARCHING FOR PREY. SUDDENLY THE KEEN EYES PICK A TARGET FOR THE HUGE TALONS AND THE GREAT BIRD PLUNGES GROUNDWARD AT UNBELIEVABLE SPEED!



THE UNPROTECTED MAN-CHILD OF WANEMA IS THE PREY OF THE MARAUDER FROM THE SKY!



LITTLE FOX!
HELP!!

LITTLE FOX WATCHED HELPLESSLY FOR HAD HE SHOT THE EAGLE, THE BABY WOULD HAVE BEEN KILLED WHEN IT FELL TO THE GROUND. HE COULD ONLY FOLLOW THE FLIGHT OF THE GOLDEN EAGLE AS FAR AS HE COULD SEE IT, HOPING IT WOULD RETURN THE BABY TO THE GROUND.

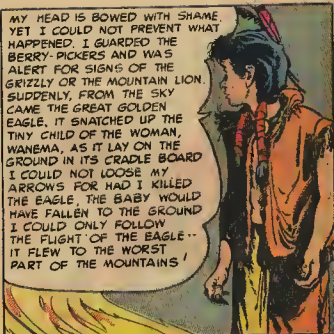


THAT NIGHT CHIEF RUNNING WOLF CALLED HIS BRAVES TO THE COUNCIL LODGE.

HUNTERS OF THE DAKOTA, A SAD THING HAPPENED DURING THE BERRY-PICKING TODAY. I ASK MY SON, LITTLE FOX, TO TELL THE COUNCIL.

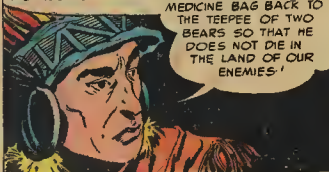


MY HEAD IS BOWED WITH SHAME. YET I COULD NOT PREVENT WHAT HAPPENED. I GUARDED THE BERRY-PICKERS AND WAS ALERT FOR SIGNS OF THE GRIZZLY OR THE MOUNTAIN LION. SUDDENLY, FROM THE SKY CAME THE GREAT GOLDEN EAGLE. IT SNATCHED UP THE TINY CHILD OF THE WOMAN, WANEMA, AS IT LAY ON THE GROUND IN ITS CRADLE BOARD. I COULD NOT LOOSE MY ARROWS FOR HAD I KILLED THE EAGLE, THE BABY WOULD HAVE FALLEN TO THE GROUND. I COULD ONLY FOLLOW THE FLIGHT OF THE EAGLE-- IT FLEW TO THE WORST PART OF THE MOUNTAINS!



MY SON MAY LIFT HIS HEAD THERE CAN BE NO SHAME ON HIM FOR HE ACTED WISELY AND BRAVELY. THE BABY MAY BE ALREADY DEAD AND WE CANNOT SAVE IT, BUT THE FATHER OF THIS BABY IS THE BRAVE, TWO BEARS, WHO IS ON A SCOUTING TRIP INTO THE COUNTRY OF THE BLACK FEET. BEFORE HE WENT HE MADE STRONG MEDICINE TO BRING HIM SAFELY HOME. HIS MEDICINE BAG WAS TIED TO THE CRADLE BOARD OF THE BABY WE MUST SEARCH FOR THE NEST OF THIS EAGLE AND BRING THE

MEDICINE BAG BACK TO THE TEEPEE OF TWO BEARS SO THAT HE DOES NOT DIE IN THE LAND OF OUR ENEMIES!



I WOULD SPEAK, RUNNING WOLF. I AM FLYING EAGLE, GREAT HUNTER OF THE MIGHTY BIRD. I WILL GO INTO THE MOUNTAINS AND FIND THE EYRIE OF THE EAGLE. I WILL SLAY IT AND BRING BACK THE MEDICINE BAG OF TWO BEARS. THIS I PROMISE. FOR I HAVE KILLED MANY GREAT EAGLES BEFORE I HAVE SPOKEN!



LITTLE FOX QUIETLY LEFT THE COUNCIL LODGE AND THE BOASTING FLYING EAGLE, TO FIND HIS FRIEND, STRONG BOW.

YOU ARE STRONG OF ARM, STRONG BOW, AND QUICK OF FOOT. I THINK TOGETHER WE CAN FIND THE EYRIE OF THIS EAGLE AND BRING BACK THE MEDICINE BAG. WILL YOU HUNT WITH ME?

LITTLE FOX WILL LEAD, STRONG BOW WILL FOLLOW. LET US LEAVE AT DAWN.



AT DAYBREAK THE BOYS STARTED AND BEFORE THE SUN WAS UP, THEY WERE HIGH IN THE FOOTHILLS AND BEGINNING THE DIFFICULT CLIMB UP THE MOUNTAIN.





STRONG BOW, GO BACK THE WAY WE CAME AND CLIMB TO THE LEDGE ABOVE, SOME WAY YOU MUST SEND DOWN A ROPE TO ME -- I CANNOT RETURN THIS WAY WITH THE BABY IF IT IS ALIVE!

IT IS FOOLISH TO TRY THIS, LITTLE FOX, BUT I WILL GO BACK AND DO AS YOU SAY.

WITH THE SURE-FOOTED SKILL OF THE MOUNTAIN SHEEP, LITTLE FOX INCHES HIS WAY ACROSS THE NARROW LEDGE...



...UNTIL IT OFFERS NO MORE THAN A TOEHOLD, BUT THE COURAGEOUS BOY FINDS A TINY LEDGE FOR HIS FINGERS -- THEN ANOTHER -- AND SOON HE REACHES THE WIDE SHELF HOLDING THE EAGLE'S NEST.

AS LITTLE FOX HEAVES THE GREAT BIRD FROM THE NEST...



THERE! THERE IT IS!



...A LUSTY VOICE TELLS HIM THE BABY IS UNHARMED!

THE MAN-CHILD OF WANAMA AND TWO BEARS! SURELY THE GREAT SPIRIT WATCHES OVER YOU!



SO, LITTLE ONE, NOW YOU ARE SAFE! THERE IS STILL DEW ON THE ROCKY FLOOR OF THE LEDGE. I WILL CLEAN YOUR FACE, AND YOU WILL BE HAPPIER.



WITH A STRIP TORN FROM HIS LOIN CLOTH, LITTLE FOX WASHES THE FACE OF WANEMA'S CHILD.

LITTLE
FOX!



ARE YOU ALL
RIGHT, LITTLE
FOX?

EVERYTHING IS WELL,
STRONG BOW. THE
BABY IS NOT EVEN
HURT. QUICKLY NOW,
LOWER THE ROPES!



LITTLE FOX, LOOK OUT! BE
CAREFUL! THE EAGLE'S
MATE RETURNS!



AS THE EAGLE PLUMMETS TO ITS NEST, LITTLE FOX
THRUSTS THE BABY TO THE WALL OF THE LEDGE AND
TURNS TO MEET THIS NEW
PERIL FROM THE SKIES!



ARMED WITH ONLY HIS KNIFE, LITTLE FOX ANSWERS THE CHALLENGING SCREAM OF THE GREAT GOLDEN EAGLE WITH THE DREAD WAR-CRY OF THE SIOUX!



AND AS RAZOR-SHARP TALONS SLASH AT HIS THROAT, LITTLE FOX SUDDENLY DROPS AND THE KILLER OF THE SKIES MUST SOAR UPWARD TO AVOID HITTING THE FACE OF THE MOUNTAIN. AGAIN AND AGAIN IT WHEELS IN ATTACK BUT EACH TIME THE INDIAN BOY EVADES THE DEADLY CLAWS. THEN...



...LITTLE FOX, TIMING THE ATTACK PERFECTLY, SECURES A THROAT HOLD ON THE RAGING EAGLE. AS HE DRIVES HIS BLADE HOME, CRUEL TALONS TEAR HIS ARMS AND HUGE WINGS STUN HIM WITH THUNDERING BLOWS. FIGHTING DESPERATELY THE WEAKENING BOY HANGS GRIMLY ON, FOR TO LOSE HIS HOLD MEANS DEATH!



AND THEN THE BATTLE IS OVER--THE GREAT BIRD LIES LIFELESS ON THE LEDGE! SOBBING WITH EXHAUSTION, LITTLE FOX REELS TO THE EAGLE'S EYRIE -- HE MUST REST.



ARE YOU HURT
BADLY, LITTLE FOX?

N... NO. BUT
SEND DOWN
THE ROPE TO
ME QUICKLY. I
WOULD LIKE TO
LEAVE THIS
LEDGE.

NOW THE STRONG ARMS OF
STRONG BOW TAKE OVER
THEIR PART OF THE TASK.
FIRST THE BABY...



... AND THEN THE TWO EAGLES
WITH THEIR PRECIOUS FEATHERS
ARE QUICKLY DRAWN UP TO
THE WIDE LEDGE ABOVE.



BUT LITTLE FOX CANNOT
CLIMB THE ROPE, FOR THE
TERRIBLE FIGHT HAS DRAINED
THE STRENGTH FROM HIS ARMS.

TIE THE ROPE UNDER
YOUR ARMS, LITTLE FOX.
I HAVE ENOUGH STRENGTH
TO PULL YOU UP,
I KNOW.



STRONG BOW HAS THE STRENGTH
OF A WARRIOR FULL-GROWN, AND
SOON LITTLE FOX IS DRAWN
TO SAFETY.



THE TRIP HOME WAS HARD, FOR LITTLE FOX HAD LOST MUCH BLOOD. IT WAS NOT UNTIL THE NEXT NIGHT THAT HE AROSE TO ANSWER HIS FATHER'S SUMMONS TO COME TO THE COUNCIL LODGE.

PEOPLE OF THE DAKOTA, TONIGHT IN THE COUNCIL GREAT HONOR COMES TO TWO OF OUR YOUNG BRAVES, MY SON, LITTLE FOX, AND HIS FRIEND, STRONG BOW, HAVE KILLED TWO OF THE MIGHTIEST OF EAGLES AND HAVE BROUGHT BACK SAFE THE SMALL BOY-CHILD OF TWO BEARS AND WANEMA.

I WOULD SPEAK.

ALL HONOR SHOULD GO TO LITTLE FOX, FOR IT WAS HE WHO RISKED HIS LIFE ON THE NARROW LEDGE. IT WAS HE WHO FOUGHT AND KILLED THE EAGLE WITH ONLY HIS KNIFE. IT WAS HE WHO WAS DRAWN UP OVER THE PRECIPICE... THE HONOR SHOULD GO TO LITTLE FOX.

NOW I WOULD SPEAK.

IF HONOR BE AWARDED FOR OUR DEED, THEN EQUALLY MUST STRONG BOW SHARE IT, FOR I WOULD HAVE BEEN HELPLESS WITHOUT HIS STRONG ARMS, HE IT WAS WHO CLIMBED TO THE LEDGE ABOVE AND WITH HIS ROPE DREW TO SAFETY THE CHILD OF TWO BEARS. NEXT HE DREW UP THE BODIES OF THE TWO EAGLES, AND THEN WHEN I WAS SO WEAK I COULD NOT CLIMB THE ROPE, HE CALLED UPON ALL HIS GREAT STRENGTH AND DREW ME UP ALSO. ALL THE RISKS OF THE CLIMB UP AND DOWN THE MOUNTAIN HE SHARED WITH ME, I SAY IF HONOR BE GIVEN, STRONG BOW MUST SHARE IT.

IT IS TRUE, FLYING EAGLE, THAT YOU KILLED AN EAGLE WHOSE WINGS SPREAD AS HIGH AS A TALL MAN CAN REACH. LONG KNIFE AND MANY FEATHERS-- HOLD UP THE LARGER EAGLE THE BOYS KILLED. LOOK YOU WELL, FLYING EAGLE-- WINGS AS WIDE AS A TALL MAN CAN REACH, AND ANOTHER ARM-LENGTH BESIDES. GO TO THE BODY OF THE EAGLE AND IF YOU CAN FIND ANY WOUND BUT THE WOUND OF A KNIFE I WILL GIVE YOU MY BEST HORSE! LITTLE FOX AND STRONG BOW WILL BE HONORED IN THIS LODGE TONIGHT.

I WOULD SPEAK, THESE BOYS SPEAK WITH A FORKED TONGUE. I KILLED AN EAGLE WITH THE WINGS SPREAD AS WIDE AS A TALL MAN CAN REACH, AND I SAY THAT NO STRIPLING SUCH AS LITTLE FOX CAN KILL AN EAGLE WITH A KNIFE!

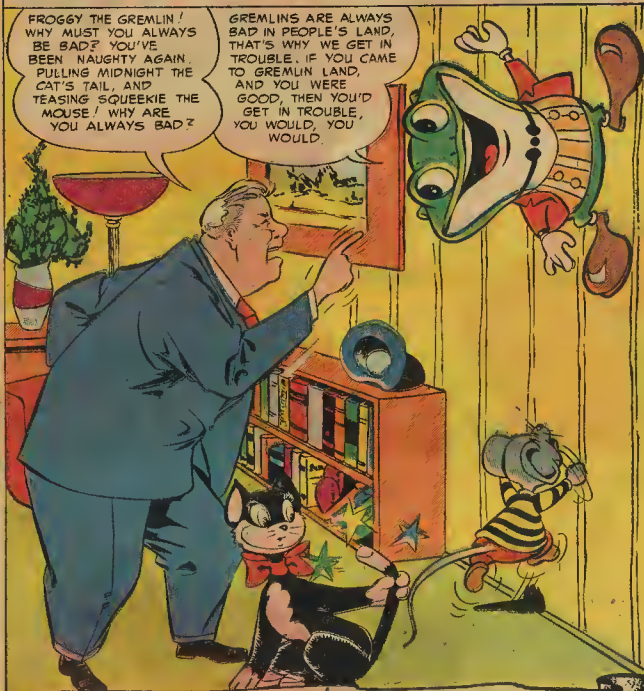


Smilin' Ed

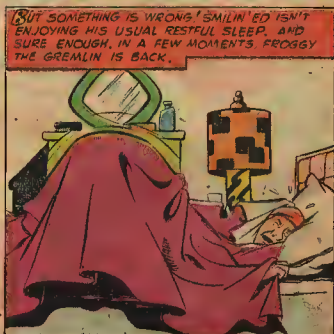
VISITS GREMLIN LAND

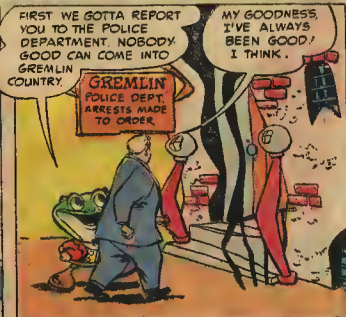
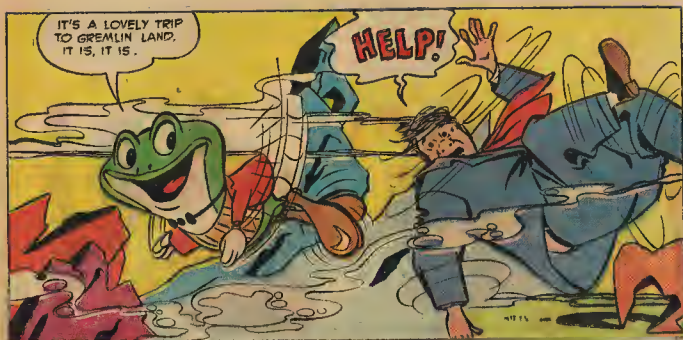
FROGGY THE GREMLIN!
WHY MUST YOU ALWAYS
BE BAD? YOU'VE
BEEN NAUGHTY AGAIN,
PULLING MIDNIGHT THE
CAT'S TAIL, AND
TEASING SQUEEKIE THE
MOUSE! WHY ARE
YOU ALWAYS BAD?

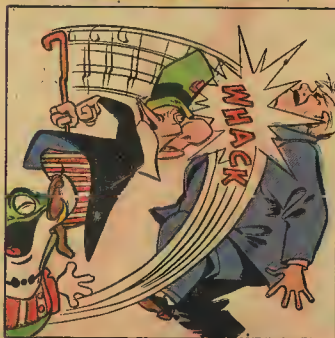
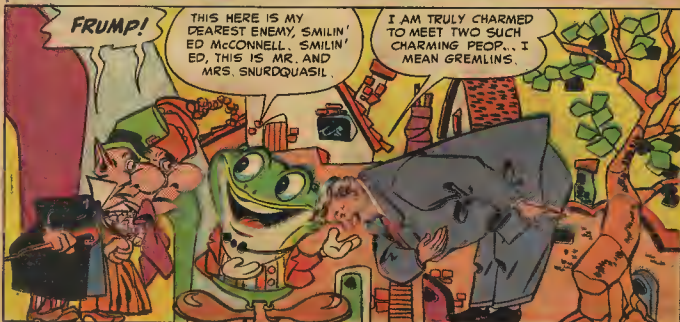
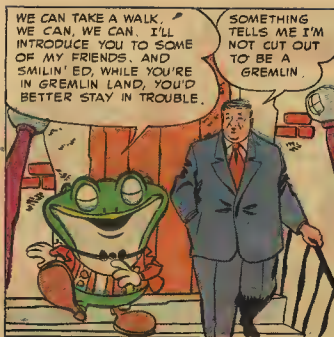
GREMLINS ARE ALWAYS
BAD IN PEOPLE'S LAND,
THAT'S WHY WE GET IN
TROUBLE. IF YOU CAME
TO GREMLIN LAND,
AND YOU WERE
GOOD, THEN YOU'D
GET IN TROUBLE,
YOU WOULD, YOU
WOULD.

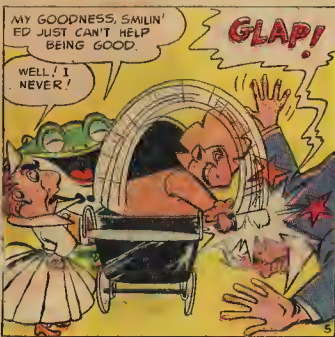


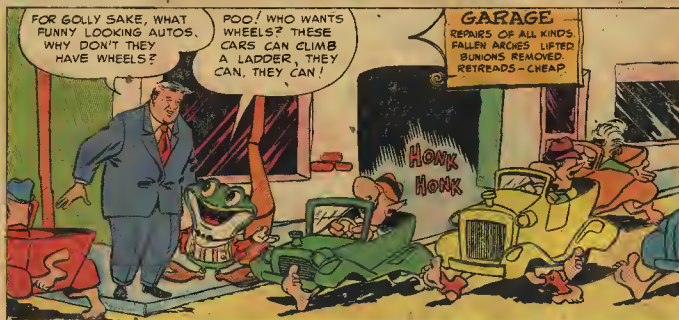
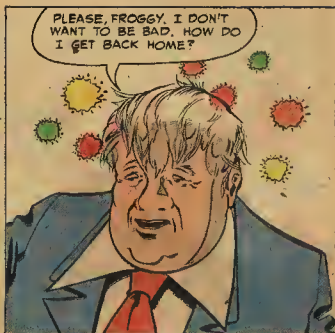
SMILIN' ED IS SPENDING A QUIET EVENING AT HOME WITH HIS LITTLE FRIENDS, SQUEEKIE THE MOUSE AND MIDNIGHT THE CAT-- AND AS USUAL, FROGGY THE GREMLIN BREAKS THE PEACE ALL INTO PIECES! .

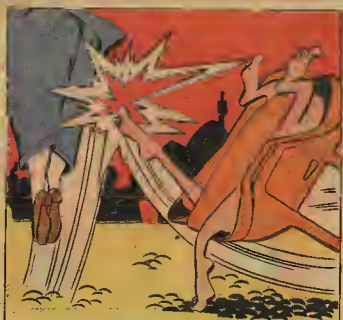
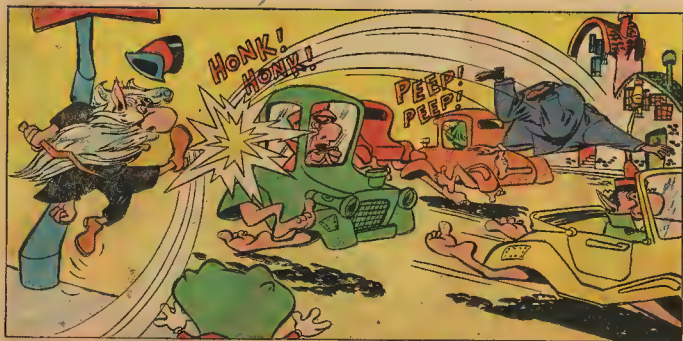


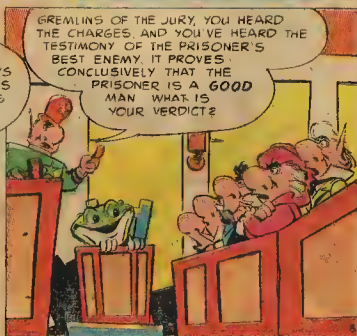
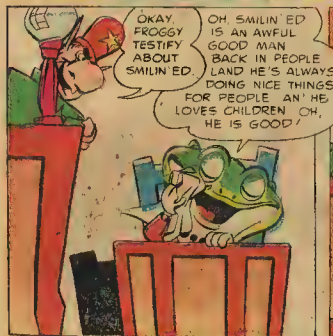


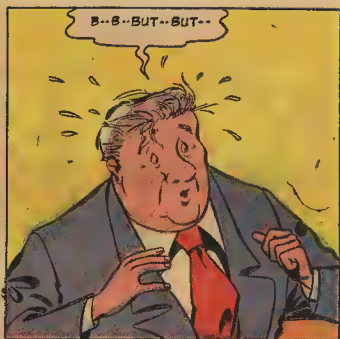












TIGER'S TRUST

RAMKA, NOW THAT YOUR PET IS FULLY GROWN, THE PEOPLE OF OUR VILLAGE TALK AND SAY THAT SUCH A GREAT BEAST SHOULD NOT LIVE AMONG US! THE TIGER IS THEIR ENEMY. BETTER IT IS, RAMKA, IF YOU SEND TAKA TO LIVE IN THE JUNGLE.

BUT GRANDMOTHER, SEE HOW GENTLE SHE IS! TAKA WOULD NOT HURT A FLY. SHE STAYS WITH ME. WHY SHOULD SHE GO AWAY INTO THE JUNGLE?



THE QUICK JUNGLE TWILIGHT FADES OVER THE SMALL VILLAGE OF RAMPUR, AND RAMKA SITS HAPPILY NEAR THE COOKING FIRE WITH HIS PET, A GREAT BENGAL TIGER CALLED TAKA. HIS GRANDMOTHER, LAHAJA, PREPARES THE EVENING MEAL AS SHE SPEAKS...

THE MEN OF THE VILLAGE SAY THAT IF YOU DO NOT SEND TAKA AWAY THEY WILL COME AND DRIVE HER INTO THE JUNGLE

GRANDMOTHER, IF THE VILLAGERS DRIVE MY TAKA FROM OUR HOUSE, THEN I WILL GO AND LIVE IN THE JUNGLE WITH HER!



THAT NIGHT THE VILLAGERS CAME TO THE LITTLE HOUSE OF OLD LAHAJA AND HER GRANDSON, RAMKA. THEY CAME BECAUSE THEY HATED AND FEARED THE HUGE, TAWNY TIGER CALLED TAKA. WITH TORCHES THEY CAME, BEATING ON COOKING PANS AND SHOUTING, FOR NOISE TO THE SENSITIVE EARS OF THE TIGER IS SOMETHING TO BE HATED AND SHUNNED.



NO, TAKA, NO! PAY NO ATTENTION TO THEM... STAY HERE WITH RAMKA!



BUT TAKA DOES NOT HEAR THE SOOTHING WORDS OF HER YOUNG MASTER. THERE IS ONLY THE NOISE OF THE VILLAGERS AND THE SCENT OF THEIR FEAR. AND THE TAUT-NERVEO TIGER LEAPS THROUGH AN OPEN WINDOW...



...AND DROPS AMONG THE TERRIFIED VILLAGERS, SCATTERING THEM WITH AN EARTH-SNAKING ROAR!



AND SO TAKA WAS DRIVEN FROM HER HOME AND HER BELOVED LITTLE MASTER, RAMKA. DEEP INTO THE JUNGLE SHE WENT, AWAY FROM THE MEN OF RAHUPUR AND THEIR NOISE AND FEAR.



MEANWHILE, IN HIS PALACE AT BAKORE, THE MANARAJAH SPEAKS WITH HIS YOUNG FRIEND AND FAVORITE MAHOUT, GHANGA.

GHANGA, I HAVE RECEIVED A CALL FROM THE VILLAGE OF RAHUPUR. PUT THE HUNTING HOWDAH ON TEELA AND BE READY TO LEAVE AT DAWN.

I AM SORRY, EXCELLENCY, BUT YESTERDAY WHEN WE WERE PILING TEAKWOOD, A HUGE LOG ROLLED AND STRUCK TEELA ON THE LEG. HE CANNOT TRAVEL FOR A WEEK OR MORE.



BUT WE WILL NEED AN ELEPHANT TO GET THROUGH THE JUNGLE. WHAT ELEPHANT CAN WE RIDE?

WE CAN RIDE MOBA, THE YOUNG BULL. HIS TEMPER, IS UNCERTAIN, BUT HE IS STRONG AND FAST. I AM SURE I CAN HANDLE HIM. WE WILL BE READY TO LEAVE AT DAWN.



AND SO THE YOUNG MAHARAJAH AND GHANGA, HIS FRIEND AND MAHOUT, CLIMBED INTO THE HOWDAH, STRAPPED TO THE BACK OF MOBA, THE YOUNG BULL ELEPHANT, AND STARTED THROUGH THE EARLY MORNING JUNGLE TO THE VILLAGE OF RAHJIPUR. MOBA, THE ELEPHANT WAS QUIET AND DOCTILE, NOT AT ALL THE VICIOUS, DANGEROUS BEAST THAT GHANGA SUSPECTED HE MIGHT BE. IT WAS A RAPID TRIP, AND AS SOON AS THEY REACHED THE VILLAGE THEY WENT AT ONCE TO THE HUT OF OLD LAHAJA.

WE RECEIVED YOUR SUMMONS, LAHAJA, AND WE CAME AT ONCE. HAS SOMETHING UNUSUAL HAPPENED IN THE VILLAGE?

YES, EXCELLENCY, BUT TO EXPLAIN IT I MUST TELL YOU FIRST A STRANGE STORY...



"WHEN THE RAINS WERE WITH US A YEAR AGO, MY GRANDSON AND I WENT INTO THE JUNGLE TO GATHER LEAVES TO FEED OUR OX. RAMKA, MY GRANDSON WANDERED INTO THE JUNGLE, THEN RETURNED HASTILY--AND HE BROUGHT WITH HIM A GREAT PROBLEM."

A TIGER CUB! GET RID OF IT QUICKLY, RAMKA. THE MOTHER IS SURE TO BE NEAR!

OH, NO, GRANDMOTHER! THE MOTHER IS DEAD. SHE LIES NEARBY, WHERE I FOUND THE CUB. SHE IS A BEAUTIFUL CUB, AND SHE IS NEARLY STARVED. MAY I NOT TAKE HER TO OUR HOME, GRANDMOTHER?



A TIGER IN OUR HOME! NO, NO, RAMKA, SUCH A THING MUST NOT HAPPEN!

PLEASE, GRANDMOTHER, SHE IS A BABY AND KNOWS NOTHING OF WILDNESS. I KNOW I CAN TAME HER AND IT WILL MAKE ME VERY HAPPY TO HAVE THIS BEAUTIFUL TIGER FOR A PET!



VERY WELL THEN; YOU MAY BRING HER TO OUR HOUSE, GRANDSON, BUT I DOUBT THE WISDOM OF DOING SO.

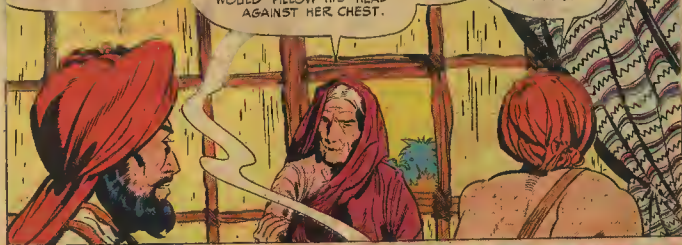
I AM TRULY HAPPY, GRANDMOTHER, AND I HAVE THOUGHT OF A PRETTY NAME FOR MY TIGER. I SHALL CALL HER TAKA.



BUT ONCE THE TIGRESS GREW UP, DID SHE NOT BECOME DANGEROUS? DID SHE NEVER THREATEN ANY OF THE VILLAGERS?

NO, SHE WAS ALWAYS GENTLE AS A KITTEN, AND ALWAYS DID SHE DO THE BOY'S BIDDING. EVEN IN SLUMBER THE GREAT ANIMAL WOULD STRETCH OUT ACROSS HIS SLEEPING MAT, AND HE WOULD PILLOW HIS HEAD AGAINST HER CHEST.

THEN I DON'T SEE WHY THE RAHJPER VILLAGERS CHOSE TO DRIVE THIS GENTLE TIGER AWAY.



LAHAJA, I CAME TO INVESTIGATE THE STORY THAT THE TIGER RETURNED AND CARRIED OFF THE BOY. DID NO ONE SEEK THE TIGER OR TRY TO FIND THE BOY'S BODY?

THERE WAS NO NEED TO SEARCH FOR THE BODY, EXCELLENCY. LET ME TELL YOU WHAT HAPPENED...



AFTER THE TIGER DISAPPEARED INTO THE JUNGLE AND THE VILLAGERS HAD GONE TO THEIR HOMES, RAMKA WAS INCONSOLABLE...

IT DOES YOU NO GOOD TO CRY, RAMKA. YOUR TIGER IS GONE, AND YOU CANNOT FIND HER IN THE JUNGLE NOW.

I SHOULD HAVE GONE W-WITH HER!



SUDDENLY THE GREAT HEAD OF THE TIGER APPEARED IN OUR WINDOW. TAKA HAD NOT GONE FAR, AND WHEN THE VILLAGER'S SLEPT SHE RETURNED TO RAMKA.



TAKA! YOU HAVE COME BACK!

AT ONCE THE TIGER CAME INTO THE ROOM AND IN A SECOND, RAMKA HAD CLAMBERED ON HER BACK AS HE OFTEN DID, AND WITH A SINGLE BOUND THEY WERE GONE. I WATCHED THEM AS THE TIGER WALKED QUIETLY ACROSS THE CLEARING AND DISAPPEARED INTO THE JUNGLE. NEITHER HAS BEEN SEEN SINCE...



GO, TAKA!

RAMKA, COME BACK! COME BACK!



GHANGA, WE MUST SEEK THE BOY IN THE JUNGLE.



CAN YOU SEE ANY SIGNS OF THE TRAIL?

NO, EXCELLENCY. I HAVE FOUND NO PRINTS OF THE TIGER IN THE LAST HALF-MILE. WE HAVE TRAVELED, INDEED, WE ARE PROBABLY GOING IN THE WRONG DIRECTION. IT IS BEST WE RETURN TO THE VILLAGE FOR THE NIGHT AND MAKE NEW PLANS FOR TOMORROW.

AGAIN AND AGAIN WE FOUND THE TRAIL, ONLY TO LOSE IT, BUT WE SAW NO FOOTPRINTS OF THE BOY, SO THEREFORE THE TIGER WE TRAILED MAY NOT HAVE BEEN TAKA, AND IF IT WAS, THE BOY MAY HAVE ALREADY BEEN KILLED!



I DO NOT THINK SO, EXCELLENCY. THE TIGER WOULD SENSE OUR COMING, THEN THE BOY WOULD LEAP UPON HER BACK AND SHE WOULD BOUND AWAY. THAT IS WHY WE SAW NO TRACKS OF HIS FOOTPRINTS. THEN, OF COURSE THE WISDOM OF THE BOY DIRECTED THE TIGER TOWARD HIGH GROUND, ON WHICH THE TIGER WOULD LEAVE NO PUG MARKS. THAT IS WHY WE WOULD LOSE THE TRAIL SO OFTEN.

AND SO THEY RESTED FOR THE NIGHT IN THEIR CAMP AT THE EDGE OF THE VILLAGE AND IN THE MORNING THE MAHARAJAH HAD MADE HIS DECISION.

GHANGA, I THINK WE SHOULD TAKE NO MORE CHANCES. THOUGH THE TIGER HAS BEEN THE BOY'S PET, RANGING FOR FOOD IN THE JUNGLE MAY BRING OUT ITS WILDNESS. THE BOY'S LIFE MAY BE IN SERIOUS DANGER. THEREFORE, TODAY WE WILL TAKE THE ELEPHANT, GO INTO THE JUNGLE AND KILL THE TIGER AT ONCE.

PERHAPS THAT IS WISEST, EXCELLENCY. I WILL GO AND BRING IN MOBA.



DOWN, MOBA! EXCELLENCY, MOBA IS VERY NERVOUS AND FRIGHTENED. HE WOULD BE WORTHLESS TO US IN THE JUNGLE, FOR HE WOULD NOT MOVE QUIETLY AND HIS TRUMPETING WOULD WARN THE BOY AND THE TIGER AND GIVE US NO CHANCE TO FIND THEM!

I AM AFRAID YOU ARE RIGHT, GHANGA. LET US RETURN TO CAMP--WE'LL THINK OF SOMETHING ELSE.



I HAVE A PLAN, EXCELLENCY. IT IS THE BOY RATHER THAN THE TIGER WHO FEARS OUR COMING AND DIRECTS THE ESCAPE. THIS TIGER, EXCELLENCY, HAS LITTLE FEAR OF MEN, HAVING LIVED AMONG THEM SINCE IT WAS A CUB. ALONE, IT WOULD NOT RUN FROM US, THEREFORE WE MUST HUNT THE BOY, NOT THE TIGER!

THAT IS EXCELLENT THINKING, GHANGA. YOU HAVE A WISE HEAD ON YOU. BUT HOW SHALL WE HUNT THE BOY?



THE BOY FEARS THAT HE WILL BE HUNTED DOWN, HIS PET KILLED AND HIMSELF BROUGHT BACK TO THE VILLAGE. NO DOUBT AS WE WENT THROUGH THE JUNGLE, SEVERAL TIMES, HE AND THE TIGER WATCHED US FROM A HEAVY THICKET AND SAW THE GUNS WE CARRIED. HOWEVER, RAMKA WOULD NOT BE AFRAID OF ANOTHER BOY WHO CAME ALONE AND UNARMED INTO THE JUNGLE. THEREFORE, TODAY I WILL GO INTO THE JUNGLE AND I WILL LEAVE MY RIFLE IN THE CAMP.

NO, GHANGA, I CANNOT PERMIT YOU TO DO SUCH A DANGEROUS THING!



THERE IS NO OTHER WAY, EXCELLENCY. THIS MUST BE DONE, AND YOU MUST NOT WORRY. I AM ALWAYS SAFE IN THE JUNGLE.

VERY WELL THEN, GHANGA, I WILL LET YOU HAVE YOUR WAY, BUT IF YOU DO NOT RETURN WELL BEFORE SUNDOWN I SHALL COME LOOKING FOR YOU. BE SURE TO LEAVE A HEAVY TRAIL SO THAT I CAN FOLLOW YOU QUICKLY AND EASILY.



AIE! I HAVE FOUND IT! SURELY THIS IS THE PUG MARK OF TAKA FOR I HAVE SEEN IT TOO OFTEN TO MISTAKE IT!



SO, THE BOY'S FOOTPRINTS NOW MINGLE WITH THOSE OF THE TIGER. HE HAS DISMOUNTED FOR SOME REASON.



THAT'S WHY THE BOY DISMOUNTED... TO LET THE TIGER MAKE A KILL. IF I AM THINKING RIGHTLY THEY WILL BE NEAR HERE, EATING WHAT THEY HAVE KILLED. NOW WILL BE A GOOD TIME TO APPROACH THEM, FOR THE TIGER WITH A FULL BELLY WILL BE LESS SAVAGE, AND PERHAPS THE BOY, RAMKA, WILL ALSO BE OF A GOOD DISPOSITION FOR THE SAME REASON.



JUNGLE-WISE, GHANGA'S THINKING WAS RIGHT. ONLY A QUARTER-MILE FROM HIM IN A SMALL WELL CONCEALED CLEARING, TAKA AND RAMKA FEASTED ON THE TENDER MEAT OF CHITAL, WHICH THE GREAT CAT HAD BROUGHT DOWN.



AND THUS IT WAS THAT GHANGA FOUND THE BOY, RAMKA, AND HIS TIGER DEEP IN THE JUNGLE.

HA, HA TAKA, IS THIS NOT A GOOD LIFE TO LIVE? NOW WE ARE BOTH CREATURES OF THE JUNGLE AND NEVER WILL YOU GO AWAY FROM ME AGAIN.



HOWEVER, BACK AT THE CAMP A NEW PROBLEM PRESENTED ITSELF. THE NERVOUSNESS AND FEAR OF THE BULL ELEPHANT, MOBA, GRADUALLY TURNED TO PANIC AND RAGE, AS HE TUGGED AT THE HEAVY CHAIN FROM WHICH HE COULD NOT FREE HIMSELF. WITH GROWING ANGER THE GREAT BEAST LUNGED AGAIN AND AGAIN AT HIS TETHER...



... AND THE WILD TRUMPETING OF THE BIG ELEPHANT REACHED THE MAHARAJAH, WHO KNEW THE GREAT ANIMAL MUST BE SUBDUED AT ONCE...

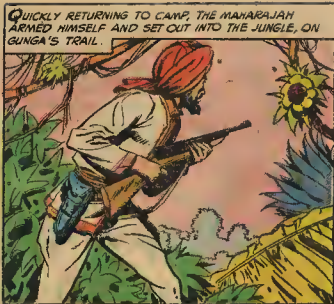


FOR THERE IS NO MORE TERRIBLE FORCE IN THE JUNGLE THAN THE BOUNDLESS FRENZY OF THE RAGING ELEPHANT. BUT THE CHAIN, STRONG AS IT WAS, IS NO MATCH FOR THE FEROCIOUS STRENGTH OF THE HUGE MOBA. A LAST DESPERATE LUNGE -- AND IT PARTS!





AIE! NOW THE BEAST IS A ROGUE IF I EVER SAW ONE! SHOULD HE MEET GHANGA OUT IN THE JUNGLE... I HAD BETTER TRAIL THE BOY AT ONCE...



QUICKLY RETURNING TO CAMP, THE MAHARAJAH ARMED HIMSELF AND SET OUT INTO THE JUNGLE, ON GUNGA'S TRAIL.

AT THE SAME TIME, DEEP IN THE JUNGLE...



WH... WH... WHO ARE YOU? DO NOT COME CLOSER OR I WILL SET MY TIGER ON YOU!

HOLD YOUR TIGER YET A WHILE, RAMKA. SEE, I AM ONLY A BOY LIKE YOURSELF. I AM NOT ARMED. I CANNOT HARM YOU!

THEN BE SEATED ACROSS THE FIRE FROM US BUT MAKE NO MOVE OR TAKA WILL KILL YOU!



I AM GHANGA MANOUT OF THE ELEPHANTS OF THE YOUNG MAHARAJAH. I HAVE COME INTO THE JUNGLE SEARCHING FOR YOU, TO BRING YOU BACK TO THE VILLAGE

I WILL NOT GO BACK THERE! THE PEOPLE CAME WITH NOISE AND SHOUTING AND CHASED MY TAKA INTO THE JUNGLE. BUT SHE LOVES ME AND CAME BACK FOR ME, AND NOW TOGETHER WE HAVE GONE INTO THE JUNGLE. WE WILL LIVE HERE TOGETHER ALWAYS.



RAMKA, THIS CANNOT BE. TAKA IS A YOUNG TIGER. BUT SOON, VERY SOON, SHE WILL SEEK A MATE AMONG THE OTHER TIGERS OF THE JUNGLE. DO YOU THINK HER MATE, A STRONG WILD TIGER, WHO HAS NO LOVE FOR MAN, WILL LET YOU LIVE WITH THEM AND ROAM THE JUNGLE TOGETHER? AND WHEN TAKA BRINGS INTO THE WORLD HER FIRST TIGER CUBS, THEN SHE WILL FORGET THAT YOU ARE HER FRIEND, AND IF YOU COME NEAR HER, SHE WILL SPRING UPON YOU-- AND KILL YOU!



I---I-- DID NOT THINK OF --- THAT! HOW DO YOU KNOW THESE THINGS?

SEE, RAMKA -- TAKA DOES NOT FEAR ME, AS SHE DID NOT FEAR THE VILLAGERS. I DO NOT FEAR HER BECAUSE I KNOW THE WAYS OF THE JUNGLE BEASTS. THREE TIMES DID I RETURN FROM A TIGER HUNT WITH THE YOUNG MAHARAJAH WHEREIN A SHE TIGER WAS KILLED, AND I RETURNED HOME CARRYING A CUB. THREE TIMES DID THE CUBS GROW INTO HUGE TIGERS WHO FOLLOWED ME ABOUT AND LIVED WITH ME AS TAKA DOES WITH YOU. AND EACH TIME THE TIGER SOONER OR LATER TURNED UPON ME AS TAKA WILL TURN UPON YOU.



I--I-- DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY.

SUDDENLY THE JUNGLE QUIET IS BROKEN BY A SHRILL, ANGRY TRUMPETING, HIGH IN THE TREES THE MONKEYS AND PARROTS SCREAM...

WHAT WAS THAT TERRIBLE NOISE?

THAT IS THE TRUMPETING OF AN ELEPHANT AND I RECOGNIZE IT. IT IS THE BULL, MOBA, WHOM WE BROUGHT INTO THE JUNGLE. THE RAGE IS UPON HIM, AND HE COMES THIS WAY. BE VERY QUIET, AND PERHAPS HE WILL NOT HEAR US!



BUT THEIR WARNING COMES TOO LATE! WITH A THUNDEROUS CRASH THE GREAT ELEPHANT BREAKS INTO THE CLEARING AND HALF BLIND WITH RAGE, TAKA TRUMPETS WILDLY AND CHARGES!

QUICKLY, RAMKA! ACROSS THE CLEARING AND INTO THE HEAVY JUNGLE -- WHERE MOBA CANNOT FOLLOW US!





AS HIS BELOVED RAMKA FALLS HEAVILY TO THE GROUND, THE GREAT TIGER TAKA WHIRLS INSTANTLY AND WITH ALL THE FEARLESS COURAGE OF ITS KIND, THE HUGE CAT STREAKS TOWARD ITS ATTACKER.

QUICKLY RAMKA! TRY TO RISE!

I CANNOT! I CANNOT--MY LEG!



SLASHING, CLAWING, TEARING, THE FIGHTING TAKA STOPS THE CHARGE OF THE RAGING TUSKER!



BUT THE UNEQUAL STRUGGLE CANNOT LAST! MOBA'S GREAT TRUNK CURLS AROUND THE BODY OF THE CLAWING TIGER... FOR AN INSTANT TAKA IS HELD HIGH OVER THE ELEPHANT'S HEAD...



...AND THEN THE GREAT TRUNK LASHES DOWN! THE HELPLESS TIGER IS SLAMMED TO THE GROUND, AND BENEATH THE HUGE FEET OF THE REARING MONSTER, TAKA IS CRUSHED TO DEATH! BUT THE MAHARAJAH HAS REACHED THE SCENE--AND QUICKLY HE RAISES HIS HEAVY HUNTING RIFLE... HE MUST NOT MISS!



STEPPING FEARLESSLY IN FRONT OF THE BLOOD-MADDENED BEAST, THE MAHARAJAH FIRES AGAIN AND AGAIN THE HEAVY BULLETS SLAM HOME INTO VITAL SPOTS! THE MONSTER STOPS IN HIS CHARGE...



... THEN THE MIGHTY KILLER, MOBA, LURCHES SUDDENLY... AND WITH ONE LAST DEFIANT SCREAM HE SLOWLY CRUMBLES TO THE JUNGLE FLOOR... AND IS STILL. RAMKA'S INJURED LEG IS BOUND IN A CRUDE SPLINT AND HE IS CARRIED TO THE SIDE OF HIS FALLEN PET, TAKA.

SHE IS DEAD, GHANGA. MY BEAUTIFUL TAKA IS DEAD!

IT IS BETTER SO, RAMKA. SHE GAVE HER LIFE TO SAVE YOURS. FOR HAD SHE NOT SPRUNG UPON THE HEAD OF MOBA, HE WOULD HAVE REACHED US BEFORE THE MAHARAJAH SAHIB COULD ENTER THE CLEARING WITH HIS RIFLE. IS IT NOT BETTER THIS WAY, THAN THAT LATER SHE WOULD TURN ON YOU AND BECOME YOUR ENEMY?



YES, GHANGA, I THINK THIS WAY IS BETTER. COME, LET US HURRY HOME, EXCELLENCY. MY GRANDMOTHER MUST BE WORRIED ABOUT ME.

YES, RAMKA.



**BUDDIES! WEAR YOUR
NECKERCHIEF THIS WAY**



**SWEETHEARTS, WEAR
YOUR NECKERCHIEF
AS A BABUSHKA!**

Every member of my Buster Brown Gang is going to want one of these bright, colorful neckerchiefs. It's shown here in black and white, but the one you'll get will be in beautiful orange, green and brown. It's big, too—22x24 inches. Notice that it pictures Buster and Tige, Froggy the gremlin, Squeekie the mouse, Grandy the piano and Midnight the cat. And, oh yes, I'm there, too, right in the middle.

Smilin' Ed McConnell

This gleaming gold-colored metal clip comes with every neckerchief. There's a picture of Buster and Tige right in the center. It's an emblem that every member of my gang will be proud to wear.



A neckerchief and clip of this high quality would sell in the stores for 80¢ or more. But these neckerchiefs were made up especially and exclusively for Buster Brown Gang members, and the cost for both the neckerchief and the clip, mailed right to your home, is only 25¢.

HOW TO GET YOUR NECKERCHIEF

It's easy. All you have to do is to fill out the coupon at the right, paste a quarter in the circle shown there and mail to me. Just address the envelope to:

Smilin' Ed McConnell,
P. O. Box 3355,
St. Louis 3, Missouri.

Smilin' Ed McConnell
P.O. Box 3355, St. Louis 3, Missouri
Dear Smilin' Ed:
I am a member of the Buster Brown Gang.
I wear Buster Brown Shoes. I buy them at

.....
(DEALER'S NAME)

.....
(DEALER'S ADDRESS)

My name is..... I am..... years old.

My address is.....

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I enclose 25¢ for which please send me the Buster Brown Gang neckerchief and clip.

**PASTE
25¢
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The finest, fittingest vacation shoes you can get, kids! Tell mom you want a pair. Your Buster Brown shoeman's name is on the front cover.

